

## FROM CITY TO FARM

"Ye who listen with credulity to the whisperings of fancy; who pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promise of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow;—attend to the history of Rascals, Prince of Abyssinia."

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY

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### The Sources of Rural Discontent

In our two years' sojourn on the farm we gradually became acquainted with the conditions surrounding us, and learned much of the inner strata of life as viewed from the standpoint of the farming community. Discontent is so much of an inevitable accompaniment to existence, wherever human beings are situated, that the problem of life is simply to reduce that characteristic of human nature to its minimum, and call the result happiness. So far as living on a farm was concerned, we were as much removed from the din of the cities as any of our neighbors; so far as a society was concerned, we had a very few friends in the adjoining town who occasionally drifted buggward in our direction; so far as the sources of discontent about us went, we gradually became conversant with many new phases, and it was interesting to note their ramifications.

To begin with, the more intelligent among the farmers feel that the railroads and trusts are giving them the worst of it. The farmer, by reason of his being able to raise his own meat, make his own butter, have his fresh vegetables, milk, fruit, etc., is independent of prices as far as that goes. But when it comes to clothing, groceries, tobacco, coal oil, farm machinery, barb wire, nails, lumber, hardware, twine, flour, and a thousand other articles, he finds that prices have risen tremendously. He cannot figure that the price for corn and oats, for wheat, rye, broom-corn, hay, cattle, hogs and farm produce generally, has kept pace with these increased prices. Perhaps, as in broom-corn, raised in favored localities, or alfalfa, or timothy, or clover seed, he may make a "killing" on some particular year, but year in and year out the farmer has seen prices for him remain very much the same. If crops are good everywhere, the freight rates have kept him under; if crops are poor he has so much less to sell.

And so, deep in his heart, and possibly with very much reason, the farmer believes that he has the tarred end of the stick to hold, and hence the far-reaching and firmly-rooted distrust of the great cities among farming communities; which seem to them as the lairs of capitalists who conspire to get the best of all small fry, and especially of the farmer. In medieval days, the barons sallied out from their castles and carried away the cattle from the lowlands. In modern days they sit in their offices in the large cities, and by means of subtle combinations, accomplish the same ends; at least, so it seems to the farmers.

The remains of the roads built by the Romans still exist in Great Britain, and the roads on the continent generally are the wonder and despair of American travelers.

Even if only a number of trunk roads, good broad highways, were built through the great agricultural states, the farmers could come in from the side roads through the mud and get on these trunk roads and make their market with a tremendous saving of time and labor. The mud they would bring in on their wheels would not amount to much; it would wash off solid-built highways the first rain storm. But only to one who has lived in the country can the utter helplessness of an early spring or mid-winter country road be imagined. Think of cruising for four hours and a half in a buggy with two splendid horses hitched to it, to travel four miles. A mile an hour, with the horses literally jumping their way to town. Generally we preferred to walk cross-country through the fields when conditions were like this, and city-bred as I was, the patent inquiry of these surroundings was something to marvel at and absolutely condemn.

The government could at least establish good post roads, wherever rural delivery was handled, thus helping the farmers out to some considerable extent; and then, along with its donations to deep waterway and irrigation projects, give to the different states that need it most, substantial aid in building rock-bottomed trunk roads, or government "pikes," without toll-gates.

Of course the inevitable weather came in for a steady case of growling on the part of the farmers. If it rained too much it was bad for something or other; if it was a "dry spell," something else went wrong. As in the cities, the weather suited very few individuals and delighted none. If it was perfect, the general run of farmers will look up and say doubtfully: "Yep, she's all right today, but it ain't a-going to last." Or "we'll catch it for this in a week or so." This pessimism is a sort of inherited failing. Only once in two years did I hear a man say: "Isn't this a beautiful day?"

There is not so much mental discontent among the adult farmers now as there used to be. They are more busily engaged in making money than

they formerly were, and as a rule, are not overly interested in topics that do not touch directly on business. Politics is not such a burning question with them as it used to be; and when they attend a meeting to hear some notable orator talk, it is more with the idea of being entertained than instructed. The great city dailies are not taken through the country as freely as they used to be, and semi-weekly papers from the cities, with special "farm knowledge" parts, are the most popular. The country seat paper is taken by most of them, and occasionally you will find some alert farmer who takes three or four papers, big and little, but he is in advance of his neighbors, and is watching the markets for business purposes.

As for magazines and periodicals, unless farming magazines, and weeklies devoted to farm life and interests, they are not nearly so much in evidence as in former years. Business principles and the commercial instinct has steadily pushed aside the purely literary and substituted for it the eminently practical, and as time goes on, the more strictly utilitarian the publication, the more it is likely to succeed in the rural districts.

The discontent among the boys is more nearly restricted to that period of their existence when they are 19 years and 364 days old. "When I'm my own man" is the waking and dreaming thought of most of them. "Paw" can do pretty much as he pleases with them until they are of age, and their earnings go into the parental hopper without so much as "by your leave or rest your soul." But on the magic day when they shake off the shackles of youth and enter the gladness and perturbed state of manhood, the "winter" of their discontent becomes "glorious summer" on the very instant.

It was a pretty tough proposition for the boys. A boy on the farm can do, or at least he does work when he is from eight to ten years old. Not hard work especially, but he can "chore" around and help do hard work. When he gets along to 12 he is betting "big" and can do many things. When he is 16, he is set to doing man's work. And so he serves a long and arduous apprenticeship before he can earn his own wages, and he gets about his board and keep, and when he is getting along to 17 or so, maybe "Paw" will let him buy himself a buggy.

While the child-labor movement is being agitated for the factories—and a good move, too—why not give the farm boys a chance? Why should a boy work on a farm from dawn to dark before he is 16, if it isn't right for them to work in factories before that age? Why not give a farm boy a chance to get a thorough common school education, and even a small chance for a boyhood before he goes into the harness? That is the question a lot of these boys are asking, and that is one of the reasons for the drift to the cities.

Some of these boys, ambitious, nervy lads, strike out for the smaller towns or even for the great cities, and especially to the towns where there is work in the manufacturing, figuring that the five years from 16 to 21 in a shop will leave them with better than a red-topped buggy, and maybe a horse, for all their toil. You cannot change nor can you blame their fathers. THEY worked until they were 21, and the system is a sort of religion with them. The idea of sharing real money with the boys is something that would seem ridiculous to most of them. Of course there are some of the wiser and broader-minded ones who DO share, and where they do the root of the discontent is removed for that boy, and driven deeper in for those who know the circumstances.

With some of these boys ambition urges them on so keenly that no plow-handles can hold them, and they go into the professions and hammer their salvation out with the energy and determination that no discouragements can chill. The records show what they have done in every channel of human endeavor. Neither in the fields nor in the garrets can some spirits be checked or blighted.

So, too, the irksome sadness of rural work often sends some of the bolder spirits away to seek the "bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth." And many a boy slips away to the larger towns, enlists in army or navy, and from some far off port or fort writes home that he is now a member of Uncle Sam's household. And great is the lamentation, usually, on the receipt of these letters. And sometimes the boy comes back, weary of the glamour of military or naval life, and plows happily in the fields with his old service cap or broad-brimmed military hat on his head. But when he comes back, he's his "own man." And if he has saved his money during a three-year service, he has got \$300 or \$400 anyway. Then, too, he has "seen the world," at least a part of it. If he doesn't get back, however, that's a different matter. An unknown grave in the jungles, or over the side of a ship in a weighted shroud of canvas.

The reasons for discontent among the girls in the country is largely confined to the non-marriageable age. After they have attained the dignity of young ladies, when the season arrives for keeping the boys in hot water about them, they manage to find life pretty comfortable, thank you. Of course if they should miss a big circus, that would be a tragedy, but mighty few of them but what don't see it. Of course a girl that is trailing along about 12 or 14 years old, is sort of side-tracked, as it were, but when she gets to 16 and on to the "sweet 16" period, look out for her. She is coming fast, and it will not be any time at all when she will be riding around in a red-wheeled buggy with some boy, with her hair flying and her cheeks as red as a winter apple, and she will be getting valentines, and going to fish-fry, and attending camp meetings, and seeing the circus, and going on Saturday afternoons to the band concert in town, and eating ice cream and drinking ice cream soda, and playing the organ Sunday nights, and attending the dances, and being at the "box-socials," and all the other social delights.

She is vastly interested in ribbons and side-combs and hats and dresses and gloves and beehiving shoes, and candy and perfume and fellows, and all that sort of thing. And when some fellow gets to be 21 and goes in and gets a license, and there's a notice in the paper from "Our Libertyville Correspondent," about her and this fellow getting married, well you can wager that old Uncle Discontent will not reach her for awhile yet. But he will get her, all right, in time. You remember about Eve, don't you? Nothing to do in Eden week in and week out, and yet Eve had to go out and swing on the gate with the blue racer just because things got monotonous.

For our own individual sources of discontent in the country, they were subtle and rather more in the way of an intangible desire to be nearer the flame of the candle of civilization. If a particularly fine play was on at the theaters we used to attend, we missed it. If there was some picture at the art galleries where we once attended, and that picture was really worth seeing, it was something of a disappointment not to be able to come in and see it. Two hundred miles or so is quite a distance from "the mad-dening crowd's ignoble strife," and car fare was something of an item, too. The daily paper from the city, which reached us the same day of its appearance, recorded some things which we missed and many things which we were glad to escape. But the music, the theaters, the pictures, the old book stores, the best of what the city afforded, we missed that, of course. One cannot have one's rural cake and eat the cake of urban baking at the same time; at least, not from a distance of 200 miles.

And then, too, there were a few people with whom we would have liked to cross palms with occasionally from the city we had left. We missed these fellows.

And gradually, after all our delight in the wild and untrammeled scenery about us, the changing glories of the seasons, the really idyllic charm of much of the life that we were leading, there came conviction to us that there were places where all this could be had in the same degree we were enjoying it and at the same time be near to the cities for us to run in whenever we wished to see or hear what was so essential to our city-sharpened tastes and fancies.

Of course, the hunting and fishing which I had so far away from the city could not be duplicated close to any western city. I could not expect to shoot ducks across the fence from my door-yard, or flush quail from my garden. Jack-snipe could not be expected to come into the fields just across the way, nor squirrels to play about in numbers all around us. It was evident that if we made a change in our plans and left our present location to settle down in the country near some city, I would have to "hang up the fiddle and bow" so far as hunting and fishing was concerned; at least to a great extent.

The mere fact of not seeing the best acting, or the best pictures, or in not hearing the best music, was not so essential a deprivation as the tantalizing fact that we were where it was almost impossible to get in for that purpose. If we had been near enough to run in by taking an hour to going and the same time for returning, we would have felt that we could come or go as we chose. But to feel that something really worth one's while, from an intellectual standpoint, is on the tapis, and that you are "let out" from enjoying it whether or no, that is the sting that baffles consciousness, the worm that never dies. Quite possibly, if we had been in the city, we should have neglected to go to a number of these events; quite probable, also, that if we had been in the country near enough to run in handily, we should have set aside the opportunity in some instances, proudly conscious that we COULD have gone if we had wished to. But to want to go, and not be able to, that was cruel.

So it was evident that if we left our present stamping-ground, the burden of the sacrifice must fall on me, for I could no longer hunt or fish every day in the year, and with almost unvarying success. I would have to depend on occasional and uncertain sallies into the woods and marshes. I would have to chastise the Indian in my nature. The little rift in our complete joy was gradually widening. Like the crack that Quintus Curtius (I believe that was his name) jumped into, nothing would close it but a sacrifice. It was up to me! Would I jump?

## FROM THE COMMONER

MR. BRYAN'S PAPER

### THE TWILIGHT ZONE.

At the governors' conference, called by the president, Mr. Bryan referred to the discussion about the relative spheres of the nation and the state and said that there is "no twilight zone between the nation and the state in which exploiting interests can take refuge from both." He had in mind the constant attempts of predatory corporations to avoid national laws by an appeal to states rights and to avoid state laws by an appeal to national supremacy. Every one who has tried to protect the public from the plundering that has been carried on by monopolies knows how the big corporations have played fast and loose with both nation and state. It was for this reason that the phrase, "twilight zone," struck such a responsive chord. The president immediately seized upon it and used it to explain his position. The president said: "Just a word of what has been called the 'twilight land' between the powers of the federal and state governments. My primary aim in the legislation that I have advocated for the regulation of the great corporations has been to provide some effective popular sovereignty for each corporation. I do not wish to keep this twilight land one of large and vague boundaries, by judicial decision that in a given case the state can act, and then a few years later by other decisions that in practically similar cases the nation can not act either. I am trying to find out where one or the other can act, so there shall always be some sovereign power that on behalf of the people can hold every big corporation, every big individual, to an accountability so that its acts shall be beneficial to the people as a whole."

However people may differ about the methods employed by the chief executives—and Mr. Bryan has disented from some of them—no one can dispute the president's statement that every corporation must be amenable to some sovereign. It is absurd to say that the laws can create a fictitious person, called a corporation, and that the creature can then defy its creator and oppress at will the people of the entire country.

These corporations have controlled national politics for years and resent any interference with their plans. They control politics in several states and are reaching out after more. They subsidize newspapers and these papers defame every servant of the people and eulogize every official who betrays his constituents. They contribute to the campaign funds to debauch politics; they corrupt business methods and when these corrupt methods are attacked they hide behind honest wealth and denounce all reform as an attack on legitimate accumulations.

It is time to eliminate the "twilight zone" and hold to strict accountability all the agencies created by the people. The game of hide and seek must stop, and the nation and the state, each in its respective sphere must exercise its power to the full, first, to make a private monopoly impossible, and second, to so regulate quasi public corporations as to make them subserve the purpose for which they were created.

### PENNSYLVANIA'S OBJECT LESSON.

The Democratic state convention recently held in Pennsylvania is heralded as a victory for the "conservative" element of the party, and yet it will only prove anew the old saying that "when the gods would destroy they first make mad." Nothing but an insane contempt for every Democratic principle could have led to the brazen disregard of the will of the rank and file of party unmistakably expressed at the polls manifested at Harrisburg.

The convention was an excellent illustration of the difference between conventions and the primary method of election, and just such conventions led to the adoption of the primary system. At the primary, where the voters had a chance to express themselves, more than two-thirds of the district delegates were instructed, and yet in the state convention the delegates elected at the same primaries joined in with a political boss to defeat instructions.

Take Philadelphia, for instance. Forty-one delegates, who were elected at the primaries where district delegates to Denver were instructed, voted in the state convention against instructions, and the 41 votes from Philadelphia were enough to change the result in the state convention. There were a number of delegates from other countries who voted contrary to the wishes of voters as those wishes were expressed at the primaries. Democrats may differ on economic questions and on platform utterances, but Democrats cannot differ as to the duty of representatives to represent their constituents. A delegate has no more right to turn to his private advantage the authority conferred upon him by voters than a trustee has to convert to his own use money deposited with him.

The action of the state convention was, in effect, an embezzlement of power and can be defended only by those who are ignorant of, or indifferent to, the Democratic principle that conventions derive their just powers from the consent of the voters. The

question as to what candidate the Democrats of Pennsylvania favor is of little importance compared with the question, "Have the Democrats of Pennsylvania a right to a voice in the selection of candidates?"

It seems that they have not, according to the opinion of those in charge of the Harrisburg convention. The fact that it was necessary to turn down men like Representative Cressy and ex-Treasurer Berry shows how desperate the men in control were. The action of the convention will have but little influence on the general result, because the convention only selected four delegates-at-large (64 having been previously selected at primaries), but the object lesson which the convention furnished in how rule-carried to the extreme will be valuable to the state, for it will hasten the regeneration of Democratic politics in Pennsylvania, and regeneration is necessary, if the Democratic party is to be more than an adjunct of the Republican party. As it is now, the main purpose seems to be to prevent the Democrats from taking advantage of the widespread opposition to Republican corruption.

Only by instructing the voters control, the uninstructed delegate is a scoundrel without bond.

### NO PERPETUAL FRANCHISES.

Mr. Pinchet, of the forestry department, has been making a fight—and thus far a successful one—against the granting of perpetual franchises to water power companies which are seeking to utilize the streams in the forest reserves. He is right; a perpetual franchise is an unappealable menace. No one can see far enough into the future to define the terms and conditions of a perpetual franchise. No one can estimate the value of such a franchise a thousand years hence, or even a hundred years hence. No franchise should be granted for more than 20 or 25 years and then the government should reserve the right to regulate prices charged for power and should also reserve the right to take over the plant at any time upon payment of actual value, exclusive of the value of the franchise.

The government is not supposed to give away anything valuable and it ought never to have to buy back a franchise. A power company which wants to do an honest business will not object to strict regulations or to surrender to the government at the will of the government, and corporations which seek to get something for nothing and then employ the public grant to exploit the public have no claim to consideration.

Mr. Pinchet is right in insisting that there should be a time limit on franchises—he ought to go a step farther and insist upon the government's right to protect the public by taking over the plant whenever public interest demands it. Each generation should be left free to make such use of the earth as times and conditions require. No generation has a right to fetter the future with perpetual franchises.

### PENNSYLVANIA DEMOCRATS.

Many have done excellently, but none have made a braver fight than the Pennsylvania Democrats, who have met and conquered the consolidated forces of predatory wealth. But the victory was won at the primaries, not at a state convention.

### WHERE?

Now that Alabama and Michigan have acted to what states will those anxious guardians of Democracy, the New York Sun and the New York World, turn for relief from the rule of the majority?

### RATIFICATION.

Some seem to fear that the Denver convention will be a ratification meeting; but if the convention ratifies what the voters have done it will be easier for the voters to ratify what the convention does.

The Lincoln (Neb.) Journal, Republican, wants an explanation from the packing trust about the sudden advance in the price of dressed beef and pork. The explanation is very simple. The injunction that enjoins a labor union is enforced; the injunction that enjoins the packing trust is for Republican advertising purposes only.

Cornelius Bliss denies that the Metropolitan Street Railway Company contributed \$500,000 to the Republican campaign fund. But perhaps Mr. Bliss overlooked a little contribution like that among so many really big ones.

The New York Evening Post calls attention to the fact that New York has furnished the only successful Democratic presidential candidate since the war. New York has also furnished the most unsuccessful candidates.

Speaker Cannon wants to know why the paper trust has not been prosecuted. Why, doesn't "Uncle Joe" know that there is no paper trust, that it was recently enjoined and that it is still doing business and raising prices?

Noting that a Mr. Lemon is one of the Illinois delegates to the Denver convention the Washington Post says: "It is needless to say this Lemon is also, for Bryan." Whether he is for Mr. Bryan or not, it is needless to say that this is not the only Lemon the Denver convention will hand to the G. O. P.

Congressmen raised their salaries from \$5,000 to \$7,500, or 50 per cent, and then proceeded to reduce the amount of work done fully as much as that.

### UNUSUALLY BRILLIANT.



Lady—Your little brother seems to be bright for his age, doesn't he? Little Maggie—Well, I should say so. Why, he knows the name of almost every player in the big league.

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE. A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and narrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

### External Evidence.

Little Clarence had the experience for the first time of taking his bath in a cold room with water not at the usual temperature. His mamma left him for a moment, while he looked agast at the "goose flesh" that appeared.

"Hurry up, mamma," he called. "I'm turning into a chicken."—Harper's Weekly.

### Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

### Looking Forward.

"Don't you get tired of being referred to as the representative of mediocrity?"

"Sure, I do," answered Ananias. "I'd rather be something profitable, such as a malefactor of great wealth."—Washington Star.

My splendid 95,000 acre tract near San Antonio, Texas, is almost all sold, in farms with town lots, good water, fine soil, from 10 to 640 acres, and 2 town lots for \$210 payable \$10 monthly. Dr. Chas. F. Simmons, San Antonio, Texas.

### Again.

Museum Attendant—We cannot tell whether this mammal is one or several million years old.

Old Gentleman—Hem, I see. Female of its species, eh?

A GOOD INCOME ASSURED, increasing value guaranteed, buy farm land in the famous Atascosa County, Texas, from 10 to 640 acres of land and 2 town lots for \$210, payments \$10 per month. Write Dr. Chas. F. Simmons, San Antonio, Texas.

Woman's power is for rule, not for battle; and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement and decision.—Ruskin.

\$210 at \$10 per month buys farm from 10 to 640 acres and 2 town lots of the richest farm land in Texas, pure water, fine soil. A great opportunity. For literature and views of land write, Dr. Chas. F. Simmons, San Antonio, Texas.

### A Drawback.

The great trouble with some men is that they can have self-respect without half trying.

LEVEL HEADED PEOPLE write at once to Dr. Chas. F. Simmons, San Antonio, Texas, for information about the sale of his lands, as fine as South Texas affords. 10 to 640 acres and 2 town lots for \$210 at \$10 per month.

### No Need for It.

Citizen (curiously)—Can women where you come from make their will? Stranger (sadly)—They don't have to. They've got it ready made.

For Any Disease or Injury to the eye, use FETTER'S EYE SALVE, absolutely harmless, acts quickly. 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Brought Humble Flower into Favor. Lord Beaconsfield's love for the humble primrose has been perpetuated by the foundation of the Primrose league.

Lewis' Single Binder costs more than other 5c binders. Smokers know why. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

It's a lucky turn for the theatrical manager when he is compelled to turn people away from the box office.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

It's a wise wife who knows her own husband.

